

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

The Markets.

Augusta City Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 30.

APPLES—Dried 40c; evaporated 15c/30c;

16c per barrel; Peas beans \$1 75; Yellow Eyes 175.

BUTTER—Good butter sells for 15c/lb.

CHEESE—Maine Factory made 7c/lb.

COOKIES—35c 50c per lb.

GRAIN—Corn 55c/6c; oats 45c/50c.

SEEDS—Timothy \$1.75/2.00 per bushel; clover 10c per lb; alfalfa 20c.

SOYBEANS—10c top 20c per bushel.

HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey 20c/25c per box.

HIDE AND SKINS—Hides 6c; calf skins 11c/lb; lamb skins 40c/50c; deacons 25c/lb.

LIME—25c per cask.

MEAT—\$2.00 per bushel.

PRODUCE—Potatoes 9c, new 1 1/2 per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 50c/b; ham sides 7c/lb; ham 50c/b; hams 10c/lb; spring lambs 15c/lb; spring chickens 25c/lb.

SHOOTS—\$1.00 per hundred pounds.

SPICES—Clover 7c/lb; per lb; Red Top 10c/30c; H. Grass \$1.60/lb per bushel.

Wool—Washed 32c; unwashed 24c.

Brighton Cattle Market.

WEDNESDAY, July 30.

Amount of stock at market—Cattle 165;

Sheep and Lambs 5300; Swine 7950; number of Western stock—Cattle 135;

Lambs and Cows and Northern Cattle 135.

Prices of Beef Cattle per 100 lbs. Live

Weight—Extra quality \$5 50c/6 62c; first

quality \$5 13c/6 37c; second quality \$4 62

or 100 lb. second quality \$4 50c/5 40c; poor

or 60c/6 00c.

Brighton Hides 7c/lb; Brighton Tallow 4c/lb per lb; Brighton Hides 6c/lb per lb;

Sheep 50c/lb or from \$1.50 per skin;

sheared Sheep 55c/50c each; Lamb Skins 50c/6c; wool skins \$1.50 each.

SALES OF CATTLE.

By Name. Price. Live Average.

A. N. Monroe 125 5 45 L. W. 1350

do 45 5 35 L. W. 1325

do 17 5 30 L. W. 1325

do 32 5 25 L. W. 1325

do 52 5 20 L. W. 1165

do 35 5 17 1/2 L. W. 1600

do 18 3 62 1/2 L. W. 996

J. A. Hathaway 50 5 50 L. W. 1494

do 18 3 45 L. W. 1300

do 40 4 1/2 L. W. 997

do 34 4 00 L. W. 1163

Leavitt & Son 13 5 25 L. W. 1220

A. Hodges 8 3 90 L. W. 870

do 6 3 70 L. W. 1325

do 5 30 L. W. 1440

J. B. Cook & Co. 17 5 12 1/2 L. W. 1440

do 47 4 25 L. W. 1075

do 10 4 10 L. W. 1300

do 11 5 15 L. W. 1270

R. Farrell 10 4 8 1/2 L. W. 1100

do 5 00 L. W. 1200

J. Stetson & Co. 3 5 12 1/2 L. W. 1300

do 13 6 00 L. W. 1125

do 9 5 30 L. W. 1191

Swift Bros. 32 6 35 L. W. 954

do 24 5 10 L. W. 1414

do 14 5 10 L. W. 1325

do 16 5 12 1/2 L. W. 1443

do 16 5 00 L. W. 1190

Fitch, Birch & Co 19 4 5 L. W. 1275

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The supply of Cattle brought in from the West for the past few months has largely been that one week ago, but the quality with the exception of those bought for shipment to England was not so good a grade as those in at last market. Prices upon the best grades of Eastern and Northern cattle, however, have been quite good, but the quality has been a decline to 15c/lb per lb from those of our last quotations. There has been a good demand for shipping cattle, but the butcher has not been ready as the have for several weeks past.

Working Oxen—There has not been any call for Working Oxen, and but a few others offered made for sale. Trade for working cattle will begin until cattle are brought in more from Maine.

Sheep—Lamb—Wool—Sheep 56c/lb per lb. Lambs from 64c/lb per lb.

Wool—Washed 20c; washed 25 per lb.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, July 30.

FLOWERS—We quote sales of Western sunflowers at \$3 60c/40c; common extras at \$4 25c/45c; Wisconsin extras at \$4 25c/45c; including choice and extra at \$4 50c/55c; including choice and extra at \$4 50c/55c; for Ohio and Michigan; \$5 00c/6 00 for St. Louis; \$5 10c/6 00 per bbl.

CHEESE—Maine Factory made 7c/lb.

COOKIES—14c/lb per doz.

COAL—\$5 50c per bbl.

GRAIN—Corn 55c/6c; oats 45c/50c.

SEEDS—Timothy \$1.75/2.00 per bushel; clover 10c per lb; alfalfa 20c.

SOYBEANS—\$1 00/lb per bushel.

HONEY—Choice Aroostook honey 20c/25c per box.

HIDE AND SKINS—Hides 6c; calf skins 11c/lb; lamb skins 40c/50c; deacons 25c/lb.

LIME—25c per cask.

MEAT—\$2.00 per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Clear salt pork 50c/b; ham sides 7c/lb; ham 50c/b; hams 10c/lb; spring lambs 15c/lb; spring chickens 25c/lb.

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The

Poetry.

Alone amid the bry,
Amid the rocks of ire,
In dream space, content I lie,
To dream the summer sun,
The equal heat of earth and sky.
The languid brooks that stir the grain,
(Now gone) are still, and green again,
Ripened the current of my brain,
And stirs quick fancies in my brain.
Sweet summer-scented wind-carries!
The sun is still, and green again,
More deeply moved than bards that sing,
And pass'd over lives like me.
In shadowy quietude, with meetings torn,
Leaves droop'd, like roses, to share
The sun's bright beams, like me.
The seed within the narrow strown,
From blade to ear, from ear to grain,
Our harvests are still, and green again,
Through secret regions perfect green.
But human hearts that burn, aspire,
The bright stars that string down,
The pale moon that shines still, and green again,
Forever climbing, never higher!
O heart! be still at Nature's feet,
O heart! be still at Nature's feet,
But me no more with tender pain,
My feelings pulsees swin' arid.
I bask and glow, with ardor wild,
And dream care more, than green again!
—Sunday Afternoon.

Our Story Teller.

THE MAIN BRIDGE.

It was past midnight—the lights on the bridge which crosses the river Main at Franklin were still, and green again. The steps of our readers had died away for some time on its pavements, when a young man approached the bridge from the town with hasty strides. At the same time that he came, a man was coming towards him from Sachsenhausen, the well known suburb on the opposite side of the river. The two had not met when the latter turned from his path, and was a short parson from the bridge into the Maine.

The young man followed him quickly and laid hold of him.

"What is it?" said he. "I think you want to drown yourself."

"I was only going to say to do me the favor to wait a minute, and then I would go to the bridge." said the young man.

"Let me draw close to each other, and arm-in-arm, take the leap together. The idea of making the journey with a perfect stranger, who has chance to come for such a purpose, is really rather interesting. For many years I have not made a request to any human being; do you think me this one; which must be my last."

The young man held out his hand. His companion took it. He continued, with enthusiasm: "So be it; arm-in-arm. I do not ask who are, good or bad—come let us go."

The elder of the two, who had at first been in so great a hurry to end his existence, now restrained the impetuosity of the younger.

"Wait, said he, while his weary eyes tried to examine the features of his companion. "Stop sir. You seem to me to be too young to leave life in this way; for a man of your life must have still bright prospects."

"Bright prospects!—in the midst of rotteness and decay, vice and corruption! Come, let us end it."

"All is not lost. Let me go alone, and do you remain here. Believe me, there are many good and honest people who could render life charming for you. See them, and you are sure to find them."

"What is it to you if I go to you in hues so bright, I am surprised you should wish to leave it."

"Oh, I am only a poor, old, sickly man, and have no money, and who can measure no longer that his only child, an angel of a daughter, should work day and night to maintain him. To allow this longer is to be a tyrant, a barbarian."

"What is it to the other, you have an only daughter sacrificing herself for your sake?"

And with what patience, what sweetens did he wait, what perseverance did he see her sinking into the seat, not and her examinations, and not a word of complaint escapes her pallid lips. She works and starves, and still has a word of love for her father."

A deep sigh that awoke! "The thought drowns my heart like a dagger," said the old man, sobbing.

"Sir, you may have supper with me. I am a poor man, and you will not be sorry to meet me again."

"All is not lost. Let me go alone, and do you remain here. Believe me, there are many good and honest people who could render life charming for you. See them, and you are sure to find them."

"Dare you swear that angel? The thought drowns my heart like a dagger," said the old man, sobbing.

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